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# TREASURE CHEST



# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



# THE LEGEND OF THE POINSETTIA

BY MARGARET FOLEY

ROSITA WAS THE DAUGHTER OF A POOR MEXICAN FARMER.



WHILE HER FATHER WAS IN THE FIELDS, ROSITA HELPED HER MOTHER AT HOME.



SHE DID NOT MIND BEING POOR . . . .



EXCEPT ON CHRISTMAS EVE, WHEN EVERYONE IN THE VILLAGE BROUGHT PRESENTS TO THE CHRIST CHILD IN THE CRIB.



THEN SHE WAS SAD.



50 ROSITA WENT TO THE CHAPEL...

A ROSARY, AT LEAST,  
I CAN OFFER TO  
THE CHRIST CHILD.



OUTSIDE THE CHAPEL DOOR . . .

THE INFANT SAVOUR  
KNOWS WHAT IS  
IN MY HEART.



MAYBE HE WILL  
ACCEPT THIS LITTLE  
FLOWER FROM ME . . .



AND SUDDENLY . . .

IT'S A  
MIRACLE!

WHAT A LOVELY  
FLOWER!



NOW THIS PLANT, WHICH WE KNOW AS THE  
POINSETTIA, OR THE FLOWER OF THE NATIVITY,  
IS OUR CHRISTMAS FLOWER.



# CHUCK WHITE

## PART 15

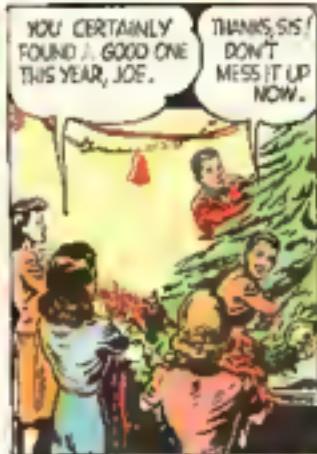
ON HIS WAY HOME FROM THE ANNUAL FOOTBALL BANQUET, WHERE HE HAD DECIDED TO ACCEPT HIS LETTER, CHUCK MET BILL RANKIN AGAIN AND WENT OFF WITH HIM.



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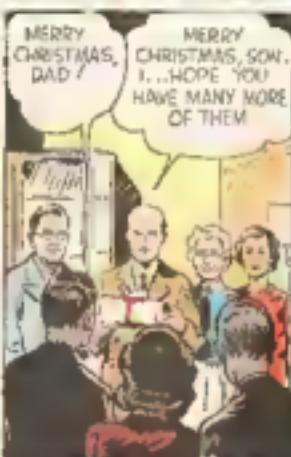






## TREASURE CHEST









# Puzzle & Game Page

By Jules Leopold

## ACROSS

- To work
- 2nd letter of Greek alphabet
- Boisterous and \_\_\_\_\_ are called *Scrofulaceous* at the *Scrofulaceous* gland
- Sea bird
- Scrap
- Football player
- Separative screen or barrier
- To supply with weapons
- Youngest child of the new parents
- Playfully
- Voice between human and animal
- Almond dessert
- Abuse and taunting
- Afternoon by candlelight
- Retained
- Relatives
- Youngest child of first
- Widely apart
- Small size
- These are used to remove
- Outline
- Gift name
- Carouse

## DOWN

- Under skilled
- Through by
- Outer layer of the teeth
- Within
- Travel alone
- Not a fool
- To have doubts or slight
- General description nickname
- One who abounds in birth
- Curving
- Those who have and easily
- enjoy success their country
- Native of Scotland
- Capital of Burma
- Wife built the god
- Post at a corner
- Another spelling of *droop*
- Beloved
- Is heading
- National Recovery Admin.
- Administrative Board
- Death
- Scallop
- Scallop "lopse"
- Woodman's tool

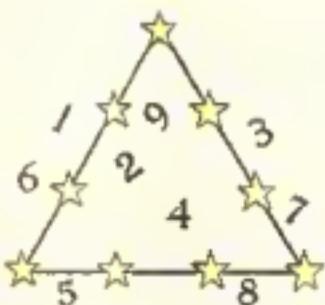


## PUZZLING STARS

Here are nine dots arranged to form a triangle. Scatter them about the triangle and fill all the numbers from 1 to 9.

Can you put one number in each dot so that each side of the triangle will total 17? You should find the combination in 15 minutes.

Finished? Fine! Now take them out and start all over again. This time arrange the same numbers, one in each dot, to total 20 on each side of the triangle. How long did it take you?



Merry!



Replace the asterisks and dots in the above figure with letters which, reading from left to right, form words meaning:

- A person who prepares food
- That which soaks in water
- A young woman
- A New Zealand bird
- The closed hand
- Cactus
- A tract of wasteland
- A vehicle used in war
- What you sit at in school
- Endless
- Acid
- Term of endearment
- This puzzle

Underline the letters that replace the asterisks. Now, reading downward, you will see that they spell something you want.

ANSWERS TO THE ABOVE PUZZLES WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF TREASURE CHEST

# Christmas in Other Lands

# Customs

George F. Fox



DO CHILDREN IN OTHER COUNTRIES HAVE A CHRISTMAS CRIB?

YES, THE CRIB IS QUITE UNIVERSAL, AND THERE ARE OTHER CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.



IN ITALY, WHERE ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI INTRODUCED IT, THE CRIB IS STILL AN IMPORTANT PART OF CHRISTMAS. THERE IS ONE IN EVERY HOME.



THE WHOLE FAMILY RECITES NOVENA PRAYERS IN PREPARATION FOR CHRISTMAS.

MAY THE COMING INFANT JESUS BRING PEACE TO OUR HOME!



POLAND HAS THE BREAKING OF BREAD ON CHRISTMAS EVE. THE BREAD, CALLED "OPLATKI," IS DISTRIBUTED BY THE CHURCH.



JUST BEFORE DINNER THE WAFER IS PASSED UNTIL ALL HAVE SHARED IT.

MAY YOU HAVE HEALTH AND WEALTH, AND MAY THE LORD BE WITH YOU ALL THE YEAR.



IN IRELAND A CANDLE BURNS BRIGHTLY IN EVERY WINDOW TO GUIDE THE HOLY FAMILY AND THE DOORS ARE LEFT UNLATCHED, SHOULD THEY SEEK SHELTER.

THEY MAY SEE THE LIGHT AND KNOW THAT THEY ARE WELCOME HERE.



MOST GERMAN FAMILIES HAVE A TABLE SET ON CHRISTMAS EVE FOR THE HOLY FAMILY, SHOULD THEY KNOCK AT THE DOOR.



IN LITHUANIA, EVEN THE LOAVES OF BREAD ARE STAMPED WITH THE IMAGE OF THE BOY CHRIST.



IN EVERY HAMLET THE ENGLISH SING CHRISTMAS CAROLS ON CHRISTMAS EVE.



CHILDREN IN FINLAND PLACE STRAW ON THE FLOORS OF THEIR HOUSES AND SLEEP THERE ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

IT IS HARD HERE ON THE STRAW.

OUR LORD SLEPT ON STRAW ON THE FIRST CHRISTMAS NIGHT. IT IS THE LEAST WE CAN DO FOR HIM.



HUNGARIAN CHILDREN CARRY A SMALL CRIB THROUGH THE STREETS ON CHRISTMAS EVE.



MEXICAN VILLAGERS RE-ENACT JOSEPH AND MARY SEEKING SHELTER, THIS THEY CALL "POSADA," MEANING "INN."



IN PERU, MOST PEOPLE PARADE THROUGH THE STREETS ON CHRISTMAS EVE LEADING ANIMALS LOADED WITH FOOD FOR THE HOLY FAMILY. AT MIDNIGHT ALL GO TO MASS.



CHINESE MISSION CHILDREN DECORATE "THE TREE OF LIGHT" WITH COLORED PAPER RINGS. THEN THEY SING CAROLS.



AT FIRST, THE INNKEEPER REFUSES, BUT LATER HE ADMITS THEM. INSIDE, THEY KNEEL IN PRAYER. THIS CEREMONY, REPEATED EVERY NIGHT, DURS NINE NIGHTS BEFORE CHRISTMAS.



AMERICAN CHILDREN, WHO NEVER SEE SNOW, PAINT PALM TREES WHITE.



CUSTOMS IN OTHER COUNTRIES ARE STRANGE, AREN'T THEY, FATHER?



THEY REALLY AREN'T STRANGE AT ALL. EACH HOLDS THE SAME MEANING — TO HONOR

THE COMING CHRIST.  
FOR THE HOLY  
CHILD IS BORN TO  
ALL PEOPLES. AND  
THAT, AFTER ALL, IS THE  
TRUE MEANING OF  
CHRISTMAS.

**PERKY AND BOOBY**

HERE IT IS, CHRISTMAS DAY,  
AND I DON'T HAVE A PRESENT  
FOR PERKY



AND I DON'T HAVE ANY MONEY TO  
BUY HIM ONE, EITHER.



I FEEL AWFUL AB... WHAT'S THAT  
ON THE GROUND?



OH... IT'S JUST A DIRTY,  
OLD PENNY.



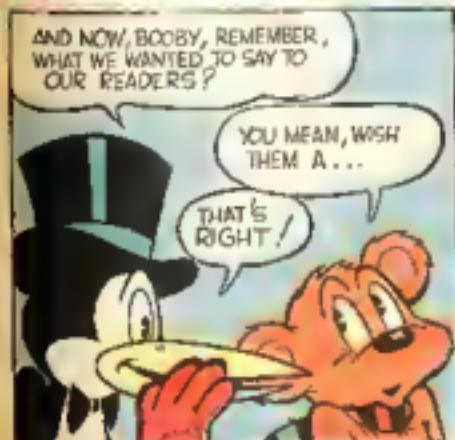
BUT WAIT! PERKY COLLECTS OLD  
COINS. THIS PENNY ISN'T MUCH,  
BUT I'LL GIVE IT TO HIM FOR  
HIS COLLECTION.



MERRY CHRISTMAS,  
BOOBY!

MERRY CHRISTMAS,  
PERKY! I HAVE A LITTLE  
GIFT FOR YOU...  
JIMINY! LOOK AT  
THE GIFTS!





# BILLY FINDS CHRISTMAS

BY  
ANN WING



MARGARET and Peter Campbell sat on the front steps in the warm afternoon sun of a southern December. They gazed across the blue-green waters of Shellfish Bay. Palm fronds on the front lawn rattled to the breeze, making a kind of gentle accompaniment for the thinking of brother and sister.

Margaret rebalanced the pad of paper on her knee and idly moistened her pencil point with her small, pink tongue. She sighed, "Little Billy... we'll have to get him something absolutely super, but super, but what?"

"Can't you see I'm trying to think?" asked her brother. "And quit using super all the time. You're in a rut," he added, a bit impatiently.

His sister, ignoring this comment, checked for the hundredth time the items on their Christmas list. This year Margaret and Peter had decided to pool their resources. The total, \$19.75, represented a year's careful saving. All but little Billy's gift had been purchased.

"Mom... epergne... \$2.79. Dad... slippers... \$2.50. James... \$2.00 in money toward his new bike. Mary Ellen... rag doll... \$1.95." Then followed Grandmother, Grandfather, Aunt Agatha and Uncle Dan. And at the very bottom of the list, with a big question mark, was Little Billy, the youngest Campbell.

"Let's see that list again," Peter said. Margaret handed it to him.

"We have only \$3.00 left," she reminded him.

"What's this *epergne*?" asked Peter, putting his grubby finger on the word. "And are you sure Mom's going to like whatever it is?"

"I showed it to you, silly. It's a table centerpiece for fruit and flowers, and Mom'll love it. Beautiful crystal and..."

"Okay, okay," agreed her brother hastily and slid his fingers down the rest of the list. "Well, it looks all right—if we could just get an angle on his little ribs. Did you try out *Tall Tales of Mother Goose* on him?"

"He said it was babyish."

"How about a new paint set?"

"He doesn't like to paint anymore."

"How about games—darts, ring toss, marbles...?"

But Margaret only shook her head vigorously. "Out," she said flatly. "When I took Billy down to Fairfield's last Saturday, he just went past the counters and didn't seem interested in anything. I think he's ill."

"He must be," agreed Peter. "Did you tell Mom?"

"I did—and Mom said to let him alone. Billy isn't used to living where flowers bloom in the backyard in December. He's made up his mind he'll have snow and icicles and pine trees, or he just won't have Christmas. The poor little fellow is all confused."

"Mom's right, Sir. Yesterday morning when I told him that Christmas would be here this very week, he glared at me. 'Let you know,' he said. 'Mom hasn't even unpacked my snowsuit. It can't be Christmas until there's snow.'"

The screen door behind the two opened and out came 11-year-old James. Little Billy was tagging him.

"I want to go, too," little brother pleaded. "Take me with you, Jamie."

James pried Billy's fingers off his arm and turned to Margaret and Peter. "I wish you'd explain to him that I've business to attend to and I can't drag him all over town with me."

"He could ride in the basket in front," begged Margaret.

"No, he couldn't," objected Jamie. "You know what Dad said last time. That old bike of mine has all it can do to hold me and my papers." Billy's lip began to tremble.

"Aw, now, Billy, don't be a baby. Christmas is practically here, and the way things look your old brother James is going to have a new bicycle that'll knock your eye out. And who do you suppose will get the first ride on it?" James squatted on his heels and winked up at Billy, trying to make him smile.

Billy looked solemn, then anger reddened his round face. "It's no such thing," he blurted, "and you know it." With that, he marched down the steps and up the driveway.

"Now what did he mean by that?" James stood as he asked the question. Before either Peter or Margaret could answer, James jumped off the porch. "Boy, if I'm late!" he exclaimed as he picked up a dilapidated bicycle from the grass. He mounted it and went bouncing down Water Street to the office of the *Journal* to pick up his papers.

"I'd better help Mom with supper," Margaret announced, as she got up. "Maybe we'll think of a gift for Billy before tomorrow," she added vaguely. Then, putting her pad and pencil in a pocket of her skirt, she went inside.

Peter strolled to the backyard to take a look at his pool of tropical fish. While he was feeding them, little brother wandered out of the garage and stood watching him. "Want to feed Mickey and Sally?" asked Peter. Billy shook his head.

"What are you so glum about?" continued Peter.

"I'm not glum."

"Oh, yes, you are," said Peter. "You've a face as long as a mule's. You ought to be happy, because Christmas . . ."

Fury seemed to take hold of Billy. "That's a great big lie!" he screamed. "It's never going to be Christmas down here. Never! Never!" Billy began to cry brokenly. He flung an arm across his face to hide the tears, then ran blindly. In a moment, he had disappeared around the corner of the house.

Peter had started after him when he heard his mother call to ask him to bring the ladder from the garage. And Peter forgot Billy.

It was not until the family had gathered

about the table that they noticed little brother's empty place.

"Where's Billy?" Dad asked.

Nobody knew. Peter remembered the last he had seen of him—little brother running around the corner of the house toward the street, crying.

"What was he crying about?" demanded Dad.

"I don't know exactly," said Peter. "I said he ought to be happy because Christmas was almost here and he flew into a tantrum. He said there wasn't ever going to be Christmas any more. Good grief! I didn't do anything to him."

"Billy is upset," said Mother. "I think he misses the snow."

"Poor little fellow!" sympathized Dad.

"Peter, please go out to the garage and get him. He's probably cried his eyes out and fallen asleep in that old deck chair," said Mom.

But Billy had not gone to sleep in the garage. In fact, he was nowhere to be found. The neighbors had not seen him at all. And by now it was nearly dark and the street lights were on, sparkling like a string of diamonds along the shore of Shellfish Bay.

The Campbells scattered in a frantic search. Jamie pedaled swiftly toward High Street, while Margaret and Peter raced down Water Street toward the center of town. Dad and Mom, fearful, searched up and down the shore, stopping to scan the waters of the Bay.

"Oh, dear God, don't let him be hurt," Margaret kept praying as she ran.

"I'll look on the pier," Peter told her as he turned on to a long wharf that ran out into the Bay. Lined with popcorn stands, clam bars and carnival booths, the dock was a gay place and had always delighted little brother.

Margaret, her heart pounding, continued down Water Street to the next corner, then pushed, panting, up the blif to Main Street with its department stores, restaurants, and movie theaters. She asked everyone she met if he had seen a little boy in a blue suit, a little boy with brown hair and brown eyes and a button nose. But no one had seen a little boy who seemed to be lost. No one at all.

Margaret scrutinized the people who were going to the movies, but among them there was no one so small as Billy.

The department store windows were gay with Christmas colors and Christmas tinsel. Strong lights, nearly concealed behind the heavy window draperies, beamed Santa Claus and his reindeer with new glory. People, laden with gay packages, were hurrying past.

Suddenly Margaret stopped and held her breath. The bells in St. Francis Monastery at the top of the hill sounded, summoning the monks to evening prayer. Margaret listened. She recalled that Billy had often asked about those bells. She turned quickened steps toward the Monastery.

December dusk was giving way to the deeper shadows of early evening. At the end of a little pathway inside the Monastery gate, Margaret saw a shaft of soft light which came from the open door of the chapel sacristy.

Tiptoeing in, Margaret hesitated. She thought she had heard the familiar voice of a child.

"My name's Billy Campbell and I live on Shady Lane," the voice said.

"Aren't you a rather small boy to be alone so far from home?" a deep voice asked voice-tough.

"Oh, I'm not afraid!" The little voice was unmistakably Billy's.

"How did you happen to come in here, Billy?" the man's voice persisted.

"Oh, I was across the street and I saw you and that other man bringing these big Christmas trees in here. They smell just like our Christmas trees where I used to live."

Margaret, treading cautiously, moved close enough to see a young, brown-robed monk. He was unpacking the fixtures for the Christmas crib. A little boy in a blue suit sat beside the monk.

"Do you really have Christmas here?" the boy queried. "Without snow? Or sleighbells?"

"Christmas is everywhere," the monk assured him. "In that part of sunny Italy, where St. Francis of Assisi built the first Christmas crib, there is no snow." Billy was puzzled.

"Tomorrow will be Christmas Eve," the monk continued as he arranged the straw in the manger. "Fathers and mothers and little children all over the world are getting ready tonight for the birthday of the Infant Jesus." Billy got up. As Brother Anthony placed the

Infant in the straw, Billy touched it ever so gently. It was then that he saw Margaret.

"Oh, Margaret, it really is Christmas!" Billy's voice was highly pitched with excitement. "Look! Here is the Baby Jesus. And real Christmas trees!"

Brother Anthony saw relief on the girl's face. And he thought he saw tears in her eyes, tears of happiness in finding her little brother.

"Thanks! Thanks, Brother, for taking care of Billy," Margaret said, a quaver in her voice.

"I'm Brother Anthony—and it's my pleasure who takes care of little boys who are lost," the monk replied with a smile. He accompanied the children to the door.

"Goodby, Billy." The Brother took the child's hand. "Say a prayer for me on Christmas, won't you? And don't forget that the very first Christmas was in a land of palm trees, and sands, and warm sun. Merry Christmas to both of you!"

Margaret had no time in getting Billy home. She knew that her father and mother were worried. Besides, it was way past Billy's bed time.

The little boy in the blue suit was a welcome sight to the whole family. On entering the house, he ran to his mother.

"Where were you, Billy? Where were you lost?" she asked, as she took him in her arms.

"I wasn't lost, Mommy. I was finding Christmas."

True, Billy had found Christmas. And on the morning of the big day, under the tree in the Campbell living room, Billy found a little crib of his very own. Margaret and Peter had completed their Christmas list.

**SOLUTIONS TO THE PUZZLES THAT APPEARED IN THE LAST ISSUE OF TREASURE CHEST.**

**DARTS**

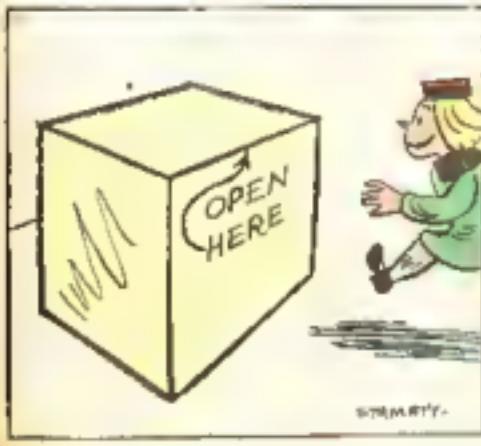
5a: darts. Two hits on 16 and four hits on 13.



**DOLLAR BILL STUNT**

Start at one end of the bill and working carefully with the fingers of both hands ROLL IT UP so you would roll up a rug. As the rolling person moves against the bottle it will push it slowly back and finally off the table. Be careful to keep your fingers at the sides of the bill to avoid touching the bottle.

# WILLIE BROWN THE CLOWN



STERLING



# A Christmas Carol

BASED ON THE TALES BY CHARLES DICKENS

LATE AFTERNOON, CHRISTMAS EVE.



SCROOGE WAS A SQUEEZING, GRASPING, COVETOUS OLD SINNER... THE DOOR OPENED.



OLD MARLEY WAS DEAD, DEAD AS A DOORNAIL, BUT TIGHT-VESTED EBENEZER SCROOGE NEVER PAINTED OUT HIS NAME.

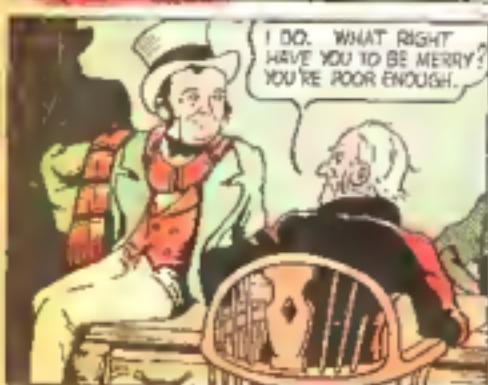
A MERRY CHRISTMAS, UNCLE! GOD SAVE YOU!



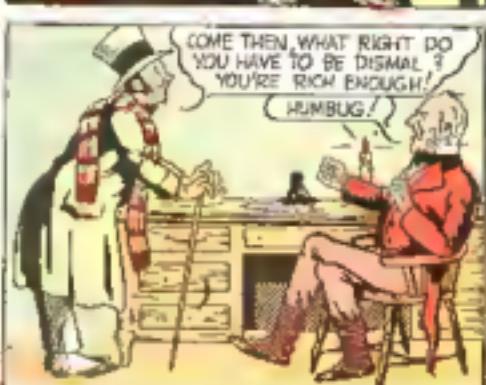
BAH! HUMBUG!



CHRISTMAS A HUMBUG? SURELY, UNCLE, YOU DON'T MEAN THAT!

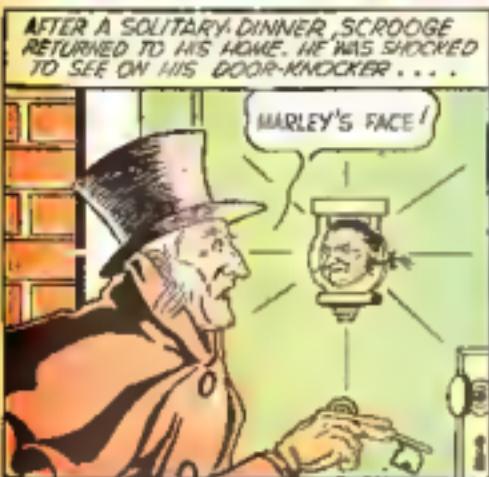
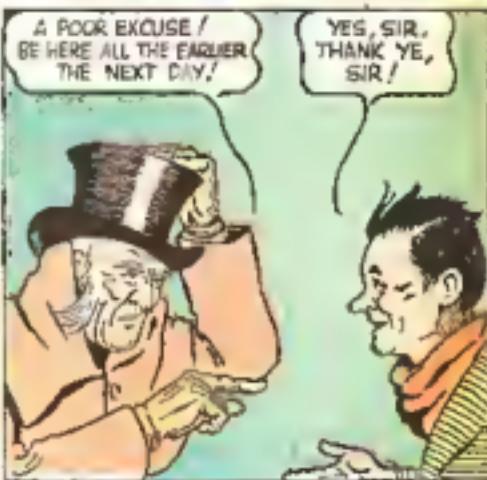
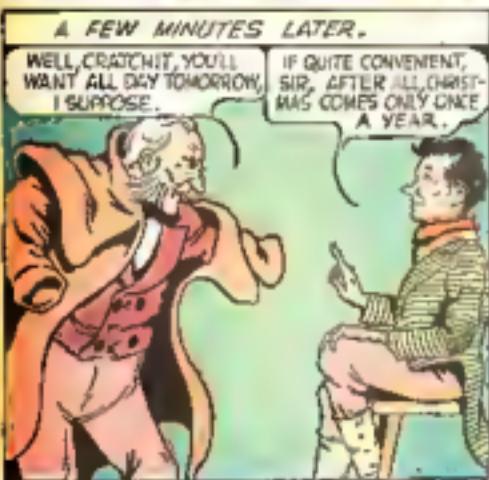


I DO. WHAT RIGHT HAVE YOU TO BE MERRY? YOU'RE POOR ENOUGH.



COME THEN, WHAT RIGHT DO YOU HAVE TO BE DISMAL? YOU'RE RICH ENOUGH!

HUMBUG!



IN HIS ROOM HE PUT ON HIS DRESSING GOWN AND NIGHTCAP, WHEN SOON HE HEARD STRANGE HORSES.



YOU WILL BE HAUNTED BY THREE SPIRITS, ONE TOMORROW AT ONE, ANOTHER THE NEXT NIGHT, AND THE THIRD THE NEXT. FOR YOUR OWN SAKE, PAY ATTENTION TO THEM.

IS THAT YOUR WARNING?



AFTER HAVING DELIVERED HIS WARNING THE GHOST OF MARLEY BACKED SLOWLY TO THE WINDOW THEN FADED INTO THE WINTRY NIGHT.



COMPLETELY FATIGUED, SCROOGE WENT STRAIGHT TO BED WITHOUT REMAINING UNDRESSED, AND FELL ASLEEP ON THE INSTANT.





## TREASURE CHEST





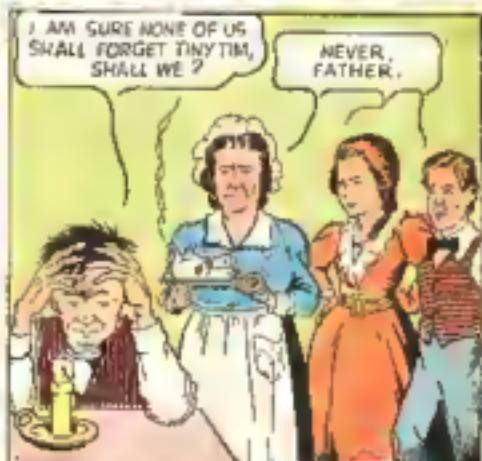




THE SPIRIT DID NOT REPLY, BUT LED THE WILLING SCROOGE AWAY...

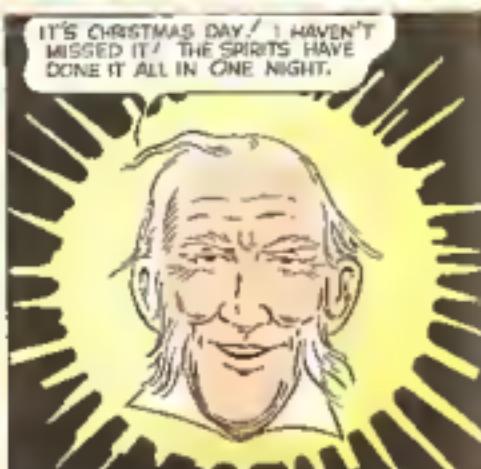
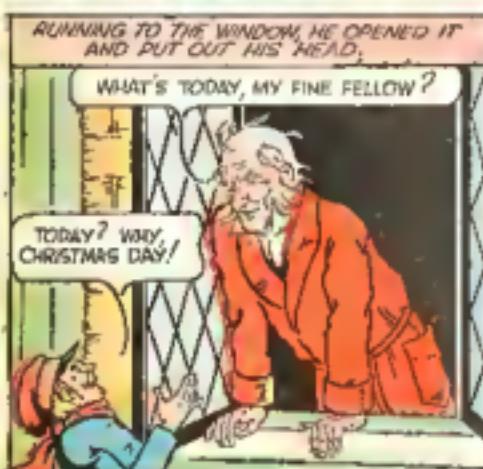


THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS YET TO COME NEXT CONVEYED SCROOGE TO A FAMILIAR DOOR.





SCROOGE FELL TO THE GROUND AND CLUTCHED AT THE SPIRIT. BUT...



BOY, GO DOWN TO THE POULTRY SHOP AND TELL THEM TO BRING THEIR LARGEST TURKEY. COME BACK WITH THE MAN AND I'LL GIVE YOU A SHILLING — HALF A CROWN.



I'LL SEND IT TO BOB CRATCHIT'S. HE SHAN'T EVER KNOW WHO SENT IT. WHAT A JOKE! IT'S THICE THE SIZE OF TINY TIM!



SCROOGE DRESSED HIMSELF AND AT LAST GOT OUT INTO THE STREETS. HE REGARDED ALL WITH A DELIGHTED SMILE AND LOOKED SO PLEASANT MANY SAID, "GOOD MORNING, SIR. A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU." BEFORE VISITING HIS NEIGHBOR, HE WENT TO CHURCH.

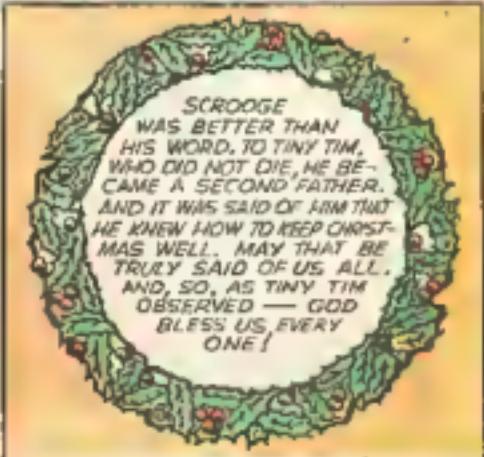


THE MORNING AFTER CHRISTMAS, IN SCROOGE'S OFFICE.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS, BOB, MY FRIEND! I AM GOING TO RAISE YOUR SALARY. AND WHAT IS MORE, THIS VERY AFTERNOON WE WILL DISCUSS THE AFFAIRS OF YOUR STRUGGLING FAMILY.



SCROOGE WAS BETTER THAN HIS WORD. TO TINY TIM, WHO DID NOT DIE, HE BECAME A SECOND FATHER. AND IT WAS SAID OF HIM THAT HE KNEW HOW TO KEEP CHRISTMAS WELL. MAY THAT BE TRULY SAID OF US ALL. AND, SO, AS TINY TIM OBSERVED — GOD BLESS US, EVERY ONE!



The Editors and Publishers of  
**TREASURE CHEST**  
wish you a  
**JOYOUS CHRISTMAS**  
and a  
**HAPPY NEW YEAR**

